The Princess & the Frog

By Robin Gilmor

The Gunston Trust

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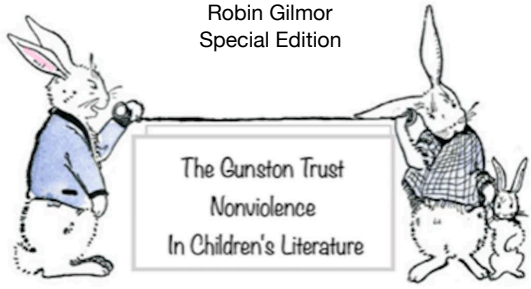
Special Edition



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PO Box 5905
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The Princess & the Frog

Robin Gilmor

A lovely Princess with long golden hair,

Played alone on a path. . . by a deep, dark well.

She tossed a ball made of spun golden glass,

Above this damp place, where the green frog dwell.

One toss and the ball rose up ever so high.

So far into the trees that the Princess screeched.

But when at last it fell back down to the earth,

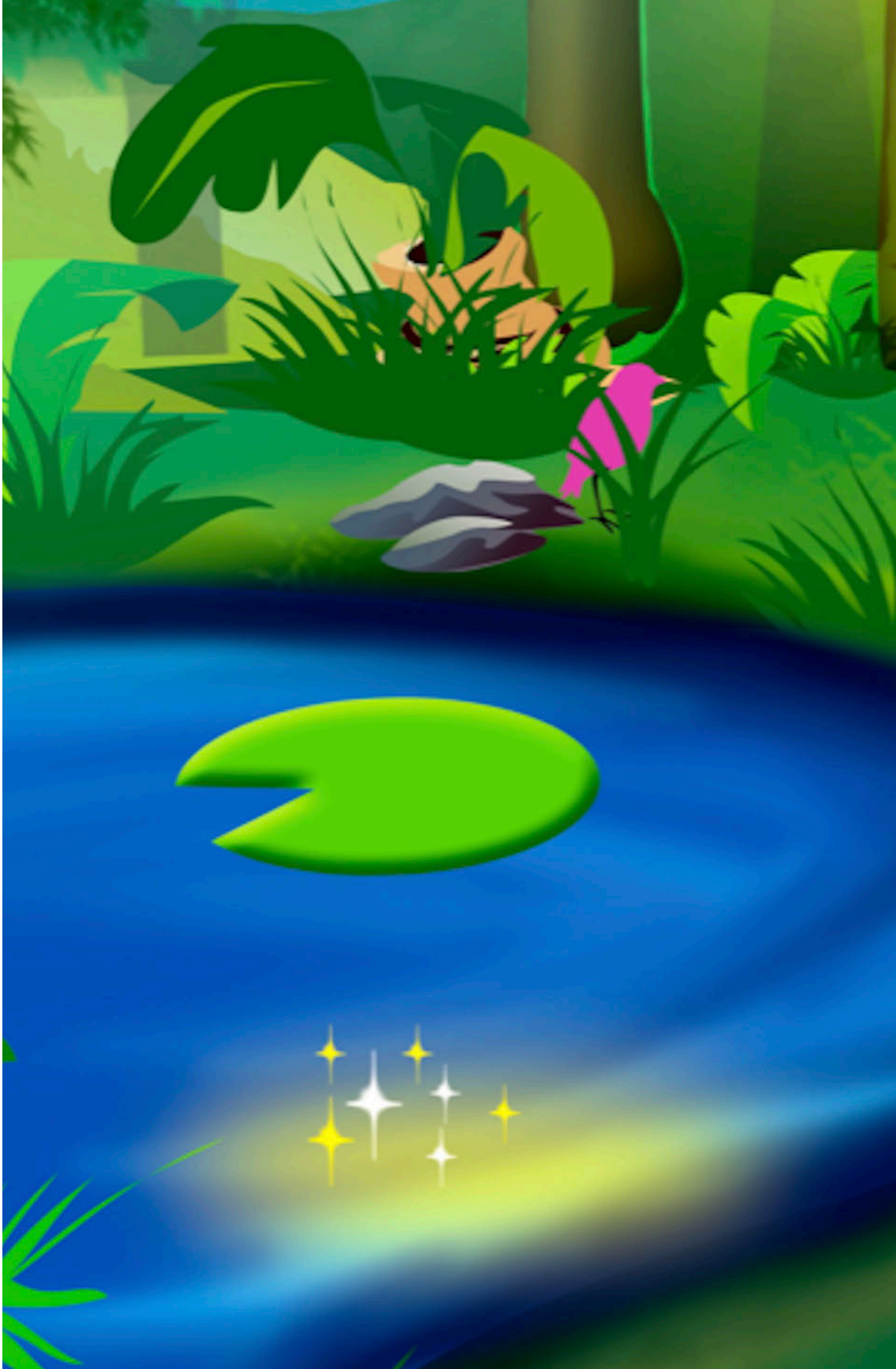
Falling into the well, and out of her reach.

"Oh no," said the Princess, "This just can not be,

For my golden ball was a precious gift.

I'd give all my jewels and my gold royal crown,

For my golden ball, that is now far adrift."



So she cried and she cried at her great loss.

Finally she cried 'til her tears fell like rain.

Such distress did the Princess feel that day,

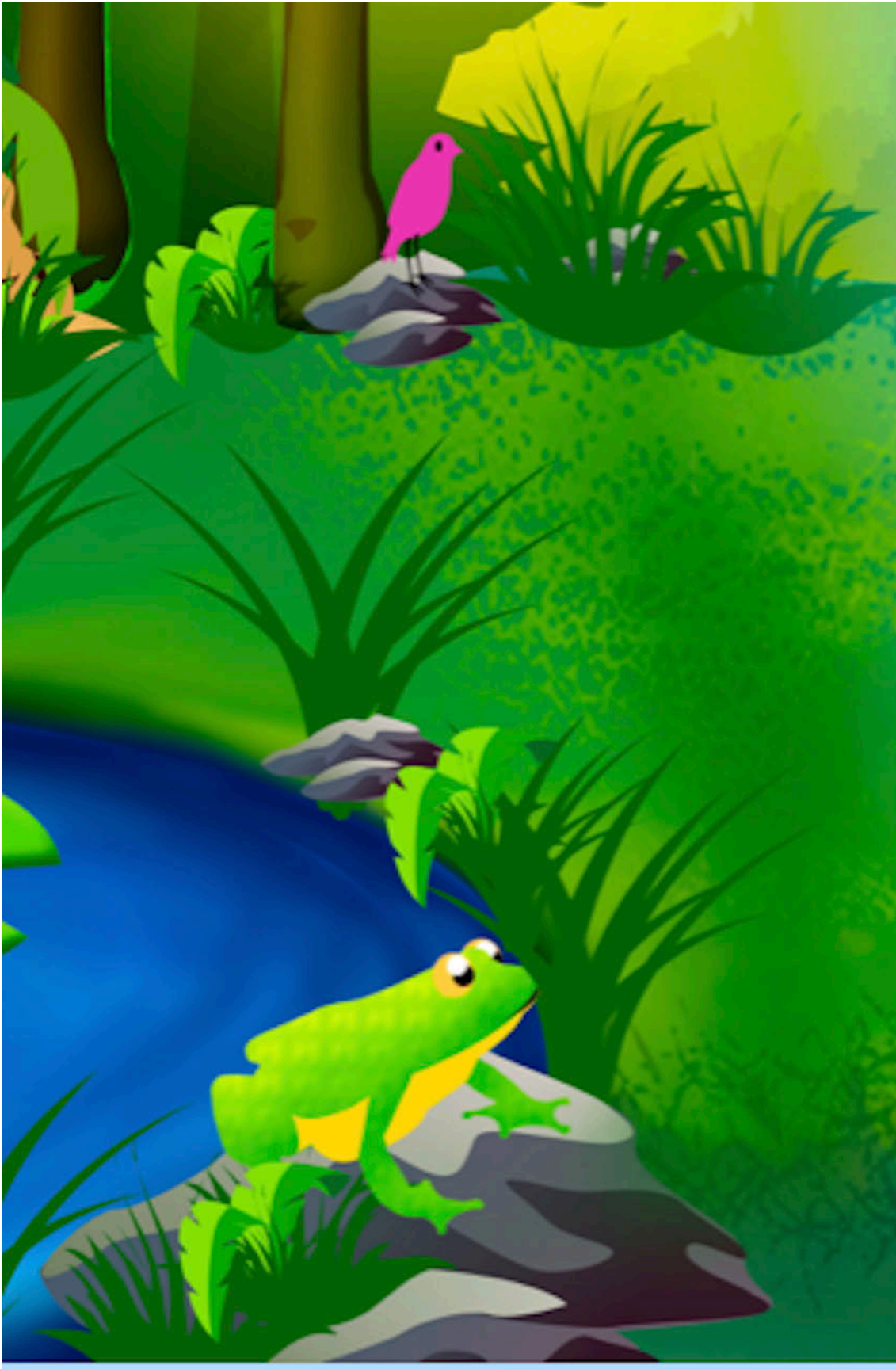
But alas she had only herself to blame.

Just then a green frog popped up from the deep well.

He croaked just once, as he graciously bowed,

"I'll take your offer, in exchange for the ball,

For your golden ball, as you honorably vowed."

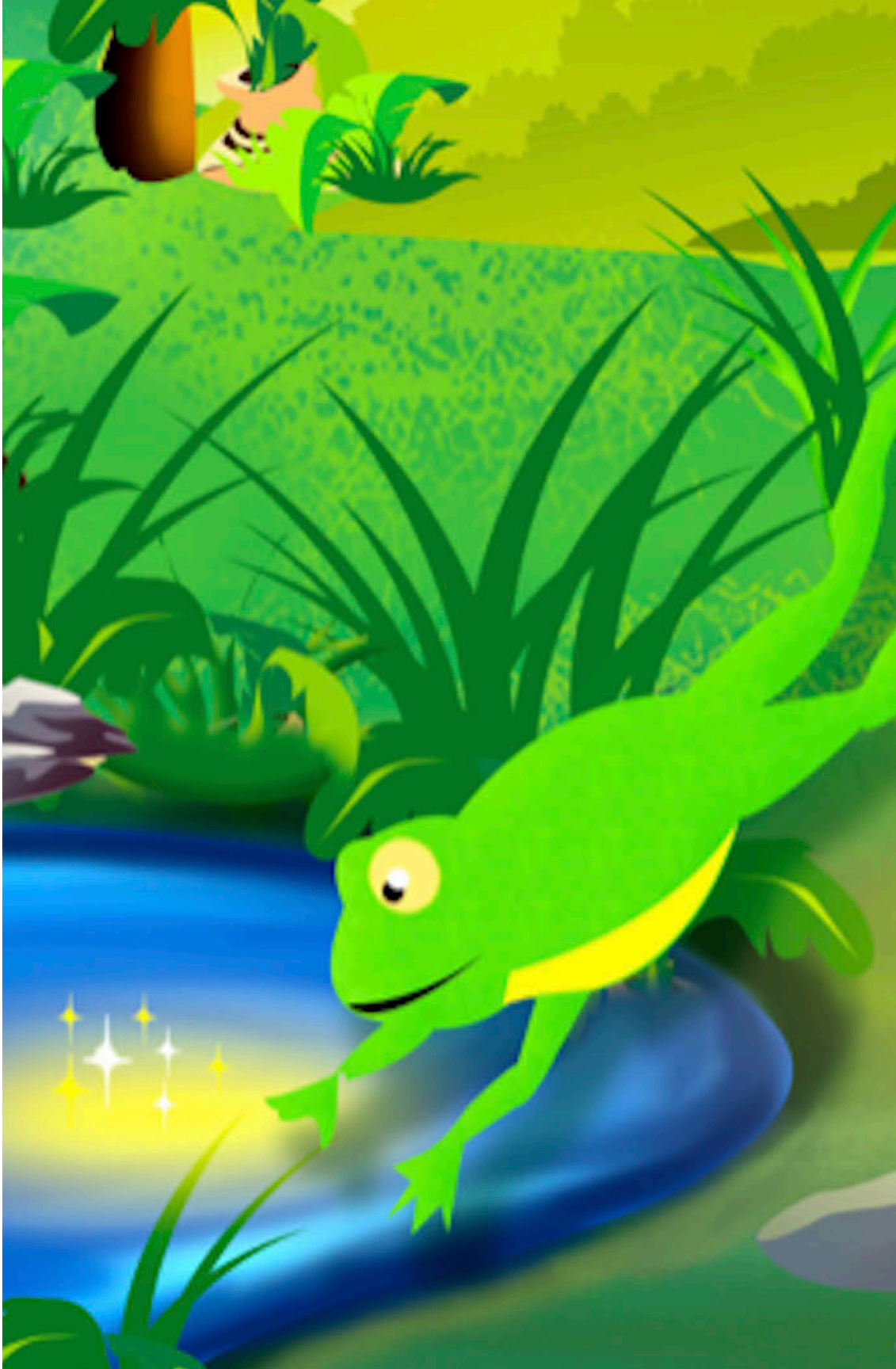


"Now I don't want your jewels of diamonds and pearls,

And I really don't need your large golden crown.

"But I'll eat at your table and sleep in your bed."

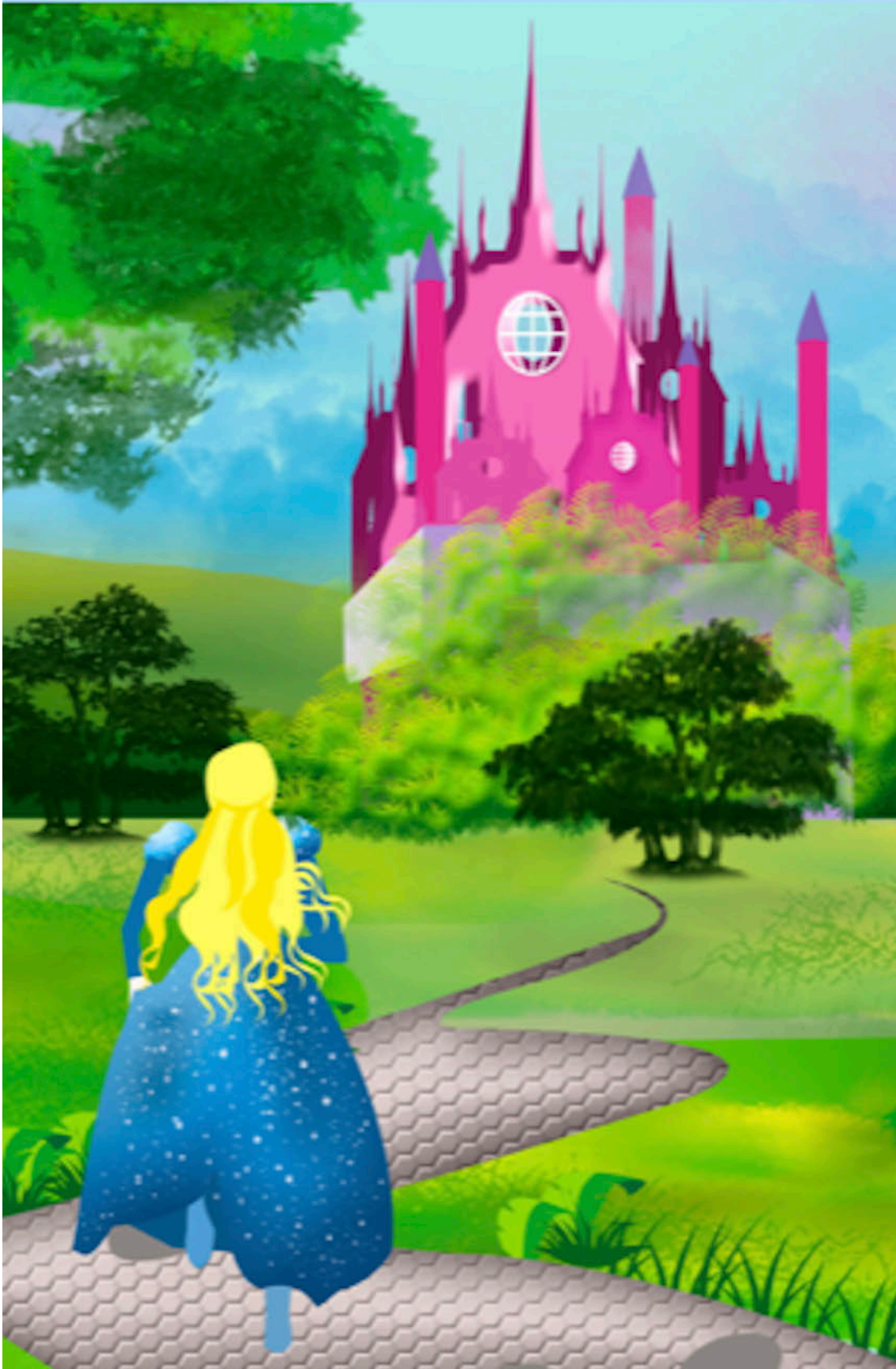
He jumped to the side of the well and dove down.



Princess Ella agreed to the Frog's strange demands, .
For three days and three nights it would be her fate.

He gave her the ball made of spun golden glass,

Then she ran to the palace, for she must not be late.



That evening the Princess sat down to eat,

When alas, there came a loud knock at the door.

"Who can it be," yelled her father, the King,

"Who can that be," the King roared?

"Open the door, my Princess dear.

Open the door to your true love.

Remember the promise that you made to me,

By the fountain pool with the trees above."

The Princess thought of the words that she'd spoken.

Then she told of the frog, that was ever so strange.

"Your word is your bond," said her father the King,

"Go, let him in, for you gave him your word

for your ball in exchange."

"Open the door, my Princess dear.

Open the door to your true love.

Remember the promise that you made to me,

By the fountain pool with the trees above."

So the young Princess did, as her father had bid,

And the green frog ate the food from her plate.

When she went to bed, the frog slept by her head,

But the Princess did not like her fate.

So the very next day when they dined around eight,

There suddenly came a great knock at the door.

And once again - with his rough croaky voice,

Came the sound of the frog once more. . .

"Open the door, my Princess dear.

Open the door to your true love.

Remember the promise you made to me,

By the fountain pool with the trees above?"

And in hopped the frog to the table to dine,

Just exactly the same as the night before.

"I'll eat at your table and sleep in your bed,

And after tonight, only one night more."

On the very last day, came the knock on the door,

And the frog croaked his verse once again.

“But it is the last night,” Princess Ella, smiled bright,”

And I’ll never do this again.”

On this very last night, the green frog said,

"Just one kiss and then I'll run along."

'Well it is just one kiss, as she looked at his lips,

Just one kiss, for my word must be strong.

"K I S S"

Then in a marvelous flash of great light,

The green croaking frog was gone!

"I shall not give my word for frivolous things,

For I've learned that my word is my bond."

Instead of the frog, stood a young handsome Prince!

"Oh thank you for breaking the spell.

I was cursed by a witch a long time ago

And I've lived as a frog in the well."

They traveled by day to a far distant land.

Like the wind road the Prince, so handsome and grand,

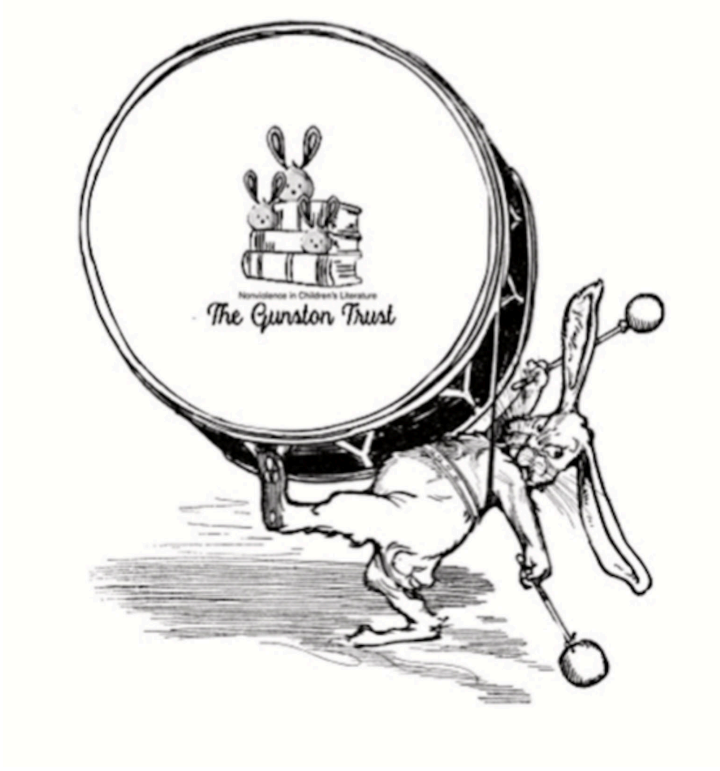
With his beautiful Princess - bride by his side,

And a gold wedding ring on her hand.

So remember to think. . . before you speak.

Don't give your word, under great stress or in fun,

Your word is a promise that you should keep,

For once you have spoken. . . it can't be undone.

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